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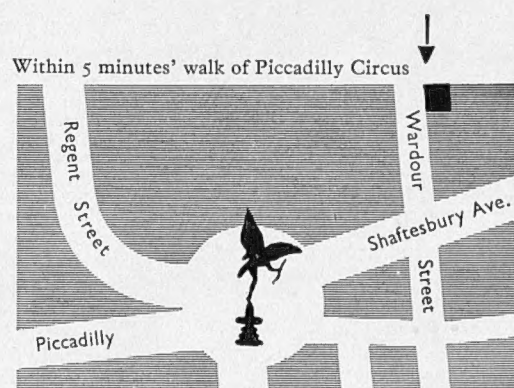
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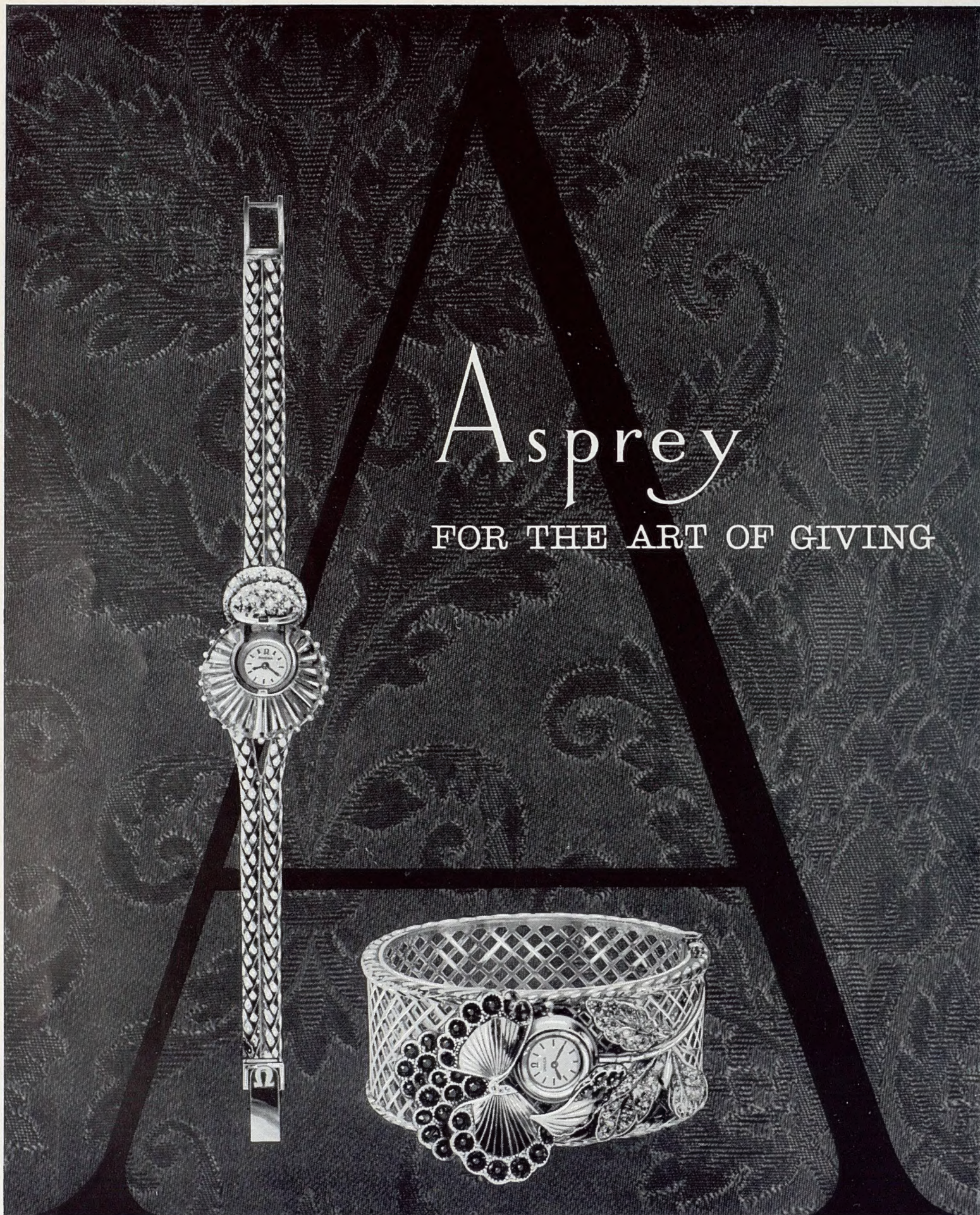
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BY EMILY HAHN : DRAWINGS BY HARO



The English as Hosts

I UNDERSTAND that oceanographers have recently discovered in the Atlantic an abyss of unplumbed depth. I am not an oceanographer, but this is no news to me. That abyss is what divides the social customs of Britain from those of America. No American visiting Britain for the first time can possibly exaggerate the impact of the difference; British hospitality hits him in the face like an Arctic wind. Unless he understands the reasons for the shock, he may well burst into tears and go home, to curse his travel agent and settle down for life. On the other hand, the Briton who makes the crossing to America is likely to suffer just as cruelly; he will be embarrassed, aggrieved and exhausted by too much cordiality. I've known Englishmen scared stiff because Americans were being so nice to them. They simply couldn't cope. They didn't know where to look.

The difference lies not so much in whether we as nationals love or hate our fellow-man. It's just that we approach the thing from opposite angles. The American isn't pained at the thought that he is a stranger, nor is he dogged by a feeling of guilt at being entertained. He's used to it; he doesn't feel he is presuming. I think the Briton does feel uneasy when he's abroad. As hosts it works the same way: one American entertaining another makes a big fuss about the process, because he thinks that his guest is naturally pleased when someone goes to a lot of trouble over him. The Briton, on the contrary, behaves informally and carelessly with a guest because he thinks it kindest to show the fellow that he's being no trouble at all, that his host is hardly aware that he's in the vicinity. . . .

At least, I *think* that's what the Briton thinks.

Suppose you are an Englishman on your first visit to the States. You have brought with you a letter of introduction to somebody in Omaha, let us say, or Kalamazoo. In England, forwarding such a letter to its recipient might lead to a rather stately meeting in a hotel bar for a drink, a week or two later—that is, unless the recipient unfortunately happens to be going to the Continent just at that time, and must send his regrets, instead. But in America, the minute the letter arrives the sender is rung up and invited to come right over, preferably with his suitcase. This may charm the traveller, but is far more likely to alarm him. If he does accept and goes to stay he is going to be even more surprised. What, ask his hosts, does he want to do? Where would he like to be taken in the car? What would he desire to see of the place? They intend to give a party for him: what friends would he like them to ask? Such more than Oriental hospitality is enough to send the normal Englishman straight off his rocker.

But we need not observe the transatlantic scene quite so intimately to notice differences in entertaining. Let us look at the cocktail party. In America a cocktail guest is taken in hand as soon as he arrives, and escorted by his hostess all the way round the room while she recites the other guests' names to him, and his to them. She does this loudly and clearly, and if the newcomer, like me, has a neurosis that causes him never to hear the names, that is not her fault. After the ceremony he is deposited safely with a group somewhere and left to join in their conversation. It is as well if he doesn't join in too irrevocably, because the hostess comes back as soon as he gets started, to dig him out and move him on. That is what



American hostesses at cocktail parties are for—to interfere with conversation. They work hard at this for they are conscientious women. They have been working just as hard preparing for the party, getting ready all the bits and pieces that appear in amazing variety as cocktail food. In America, we take our parties seriously.

British cocktail parties aren't at all the same. One must learn not to be nervous at the beginning, or to wonder if one has actually been invited at all. That cool disapproval with which one's host and hostess greet the guests does not mean what it appears to denote, that they have been taken unawares and rather thought the date was next Thursday. Nor must the newcomer assume that they are ashamed of his name, or have forgotten it. He must not feel wounded to the quick if they don't introduce him to their friends. They don't really hate the sight of him, and they are in all probability not as tired as they seem to be. It is just the way they behave, giving a party, and if you are a guest it's up to you to prove that you can take it. It is sink or swim, in Britain. And there is this much to be said for it—if you do manage to get into a good conversation, you're left to carry on with it uninterrupted. The trick is to find it.

British dinner-parties pose other problems. There, hosts are not so cold and unyielding, but the guest might well run into unfamiliar processes, such as going in to the table arm-in-arm with his partner, as if he were about to engage in a minuet. Quite often nowadays things are not too grand to handle. Even when it's a dinner-jacket affair the hostess may well do the dishing up while carrying on a cheerful conversation with the party in a shout, from the kitchen. Still, from time to time there are

parties where the kitchen is not mentioned. An American woman of my acquaintance, married to an Englishman, did not realize that she was at one of these, and her husband scolded her afterwards for saying to her hostess that the main dish was very good. He said, "*It implied that she had cooked it herself.*"

"*But she did cook it herself,*" said his wife, bewildered.

"*That makes no difference whatever,*" he said firmly. "*One doesn't talk about the food.*"

This sounds like nonsense to me, but of course sense doesn't enter into the subject of what is and isn't done in Britain. I used to try hard to learn the rules, or at least to abide by those I could remember, but it's no use; the harder you try the worse you seem to act. There's that guest-of-honour business. Do you, or do you not, wait nowadays until he or she departs before you can go home? I have resolved not to think about it ever since the terrible evening when I was the guest of honour and didn't know it, and kept everybody up long past bedtime because I was enjoying myself. It is a comfort to reflect that the British themselves are not immune to small social perplexities. A friend of mine got into trouble the other evening, or thought she had, at a dinner-party, and on her way home she asked her husband, crossly, what she had done wrong.

"*Why did you keep kicking my leg under the table?*" she demanded. "*You made me so nervous I didn't dare open my mouth. I do wish you wouldn't—*"

"*I? But I didn't kick you,*" he said. They are still trying to figure it out.

An American friend over here for the first time told me indignantly that she thought people in England are awfully rude. She said

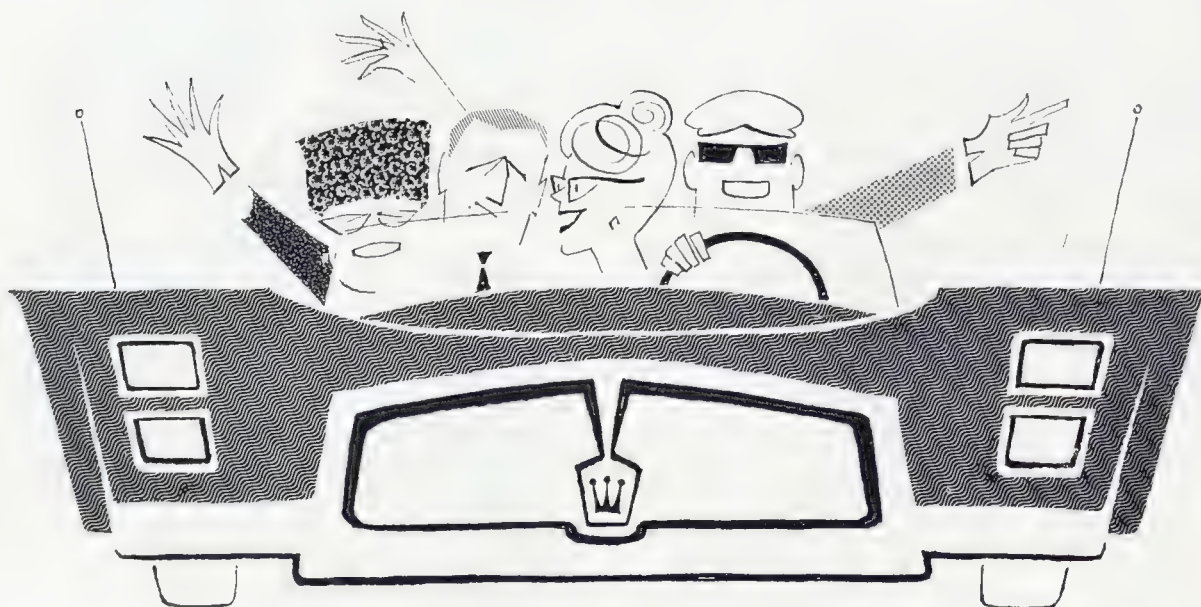
that she'd just been out to a country house for the weekend, and they had left her alone nearly the whole day. I tried to explain that they hadn't been rude at all. *"It's the way they do things here, you see. When they ask you to their houses and let you do as you like, that's making you welcome. It implies that you're on your own, exactly as you would be if you were at home."*

She looked puzzled. *"But I wouldn't be on my own if I were at home,"* she said, and I realized that it was the truth. For the important fact is that we don't let each other alone much in America. We lead nearly as communal lives as if we were Chinese, where the British, as far as they are able, maintain privacy. American doors are seldom closed—I mean the doors inside the house as well as the outer ones. We chatter in our families, and when there is no other member of the family around the house to talk to, we telephone our friends and chat to them. Most British wouldn't care to live like that. Thinking it over I began to understand better the feelings of my hypothetical Englishman at the mercy of kind hosts in Kalamazoo or Omaha, called upon to listen all day to chat, or taken out for drives to look at beauty-spots, with people talking all the way, or dragged to parties full of kind, chattering guests, when he would rather be fooling around by himself with his thoughts for company. And I understood as well the feelings of my American friend, faced with the prospect of a whole quiet Saturday morning alone in the English country. No wonder she was dismayed. She should not, perhaps, have come to England at all. She should have stayed in Omaha, so that she could talk comfortably

with somebody who shared her tastes.

I see no way out for the transatlantic traveller, short of staying abroad long enough to change his habits. He must suffer discomfort or give up social intercourse. Then, too, if he does stay abroad long enough to adapt himself, there is the trouble of re-adapting when he goes home. I need hardly mention the best-known of these problems, the struggle over temperature in the house: I seem never to be free of it—all day long in England I squawk about the cold, and then I go to New York and squawk about the heat. There are variations on the theme. I pay a visit to my sister and she gives a cocktail party. We squabble about making the sandwiches and things, because I maintain that so much work is unnecessary: I declare that we don't bother so much about sandwiches and things in England. Somehow my sister never seems to consider that a cogent argument.

Still, adaptation has its advantages. I was thinking so only the other evening in England, at a friend's house. Waiting for dinner, I went into the children's room to watch television, and I stayed there. After a while my host came to get me. He said the others were having their drinks in the drawing-room: why didn't I come? I said I preferred to watch television, and he went away. After a while he came back and said they were starting a second round; why didn't I come? I told him quite sharply that I wanted to go on watching television until it was time to eat, and he went away again, meekly. Nobody thought twice about it. Nobody scolded me for having bad manners. That's what I call true hospitality, and I can tell you, I'd never be able to get away with it at home.





mumble H.E. mumble E. mumble M.F.H. mumble h'm?



THE BOOM IN BALLET

PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER HILL

THE boom has been building ever since Diaghilev toured his Ballets Russes in the days when a dancer's name had to be Russian even if he were born in Tunbridge Wells. Nowadays the home-grown dancer is the one we applaud and the future supply of potential ballerinas is probably inexhaustible, to judge from the intake of prize-winning hopefuls at a thousand dancing schools all over Britain —after all, somebody has to succeed Dame Margot Fonteyn. But the debt to Russia remains, underlined by the tumultuous visits of the Bolshoi and the Kirov and exemplified (*right*) by this scene from a new ballet, *The Snow Maiden*, commissioned by the Festival Ballet to celebrate its 10th anniversary. First ballet to be commissioned from Soviet artists by a British company, *The Snow Maiden* is danced to incidental music written by Tchaikovsky for Oustrovsky's play *Spring Tale* (rescued from the Bolshoi Theatre archives) and padded out with extracts from the composer's First Symphony. Choreography is by Vladimir Bourmeister, a Greek nephew of Tchaikovsky and the décor is by Yuri Piminov and Gennady Epishin. Principal dancers are Belinda Wright, Marilyn Burr and Oleg Briansky. *The Snow Maiden* now enters the repertoire of the company whose own fruitful 10-year growth, despite the difficulties of mounting full-scale productions on the shallow orchestra stage of the Royal Festival Hall, emphasizes the durability of the ballet boom







Written and illustrated by Mechthild Nawiasky

It is evident that the circus never goes out of fashion with the least and the most sophisticated audiences of all, with children and artists. Their instincts respond to its simple images. Indeed, anybody who admires physical beauty, graceful movement, skill and daring, must enjoy watching trapeze artistes swinging rhythmically through the air, catching each other in double somersaults, pirouettes and double passes, high above a safety net. And a great wirewalker's somnambulant dance in space, held in the air by a sunshade or a fan or just sheer balance, seen against the delphinium blue of the tent top, has the charm of a dream. When a colourful bunch of tumblers bursts into the arena, wheeling around like self-propelled heraldic suns and somersaulting with fine precision on to a human pyramid three men high, one feels the gay abandon of schoolboys released from school. The magic of a juggler, with his light-hearted victory over the tendency of inanimate objects not to circulate in the air in quantities in prescribed order, the marvellously well-behaved elephants, horses, lions, dogs, geese, crocodiles and what-have-you, all of it is what the child in us would like to have, to be, and to do.

Certainly, gone are the days when Lord George Sanger's "Tame Oyster Smoking A Pipe" drew a gullible public, or when President Woodrow Wilson very reluctantly turned down Ringling's offer to ride an elephant in the "Spectacle," on the advice that a Democrat President must not ride on a Republican symbol, and, also, that it might not be safe. Traffic put an end to the big parades, such as the one in which a team of 40 Percherons, guided mostly by the voice of one Jake Posey, drew a float over 10,000 miles of unknown roads through Europe. The driving-box was 80 feet behind the leading horses and no whip was long enough to reach them.

Perhaps we shall never again see clowns like the great Grock, or the Fratellinis, whose surrealist humour attracted the intellectuals of Paris night after night to the circus. Here are two typical Fratellini jokes. Seated on the backs of two chairs, they prepared to make music. The arena was dark, the only spotlight moved away from them. They got down from their chairs and took them to the spotlight. It moved again, back. They followed. Always it left them, till they took off their jackets, picked the light up from the floor by the edges, and with great effort lifted it and took it back to the chairs. Another time, two of them leaned

THE CIRCUS DOES NOT DATE

three gateposts together as a camera tripod and insisted on photographing the increasingly suspicious and reluctant third clown whom they pushed back into his chair with mounting violence, till, at the climax, they threw themselves on him in creative fury to tear him (his clothes only) limb from limb. Their miming was superb and their extemporizing endless. They were made members of the Académie Française and were given the Légion d'Honneur.

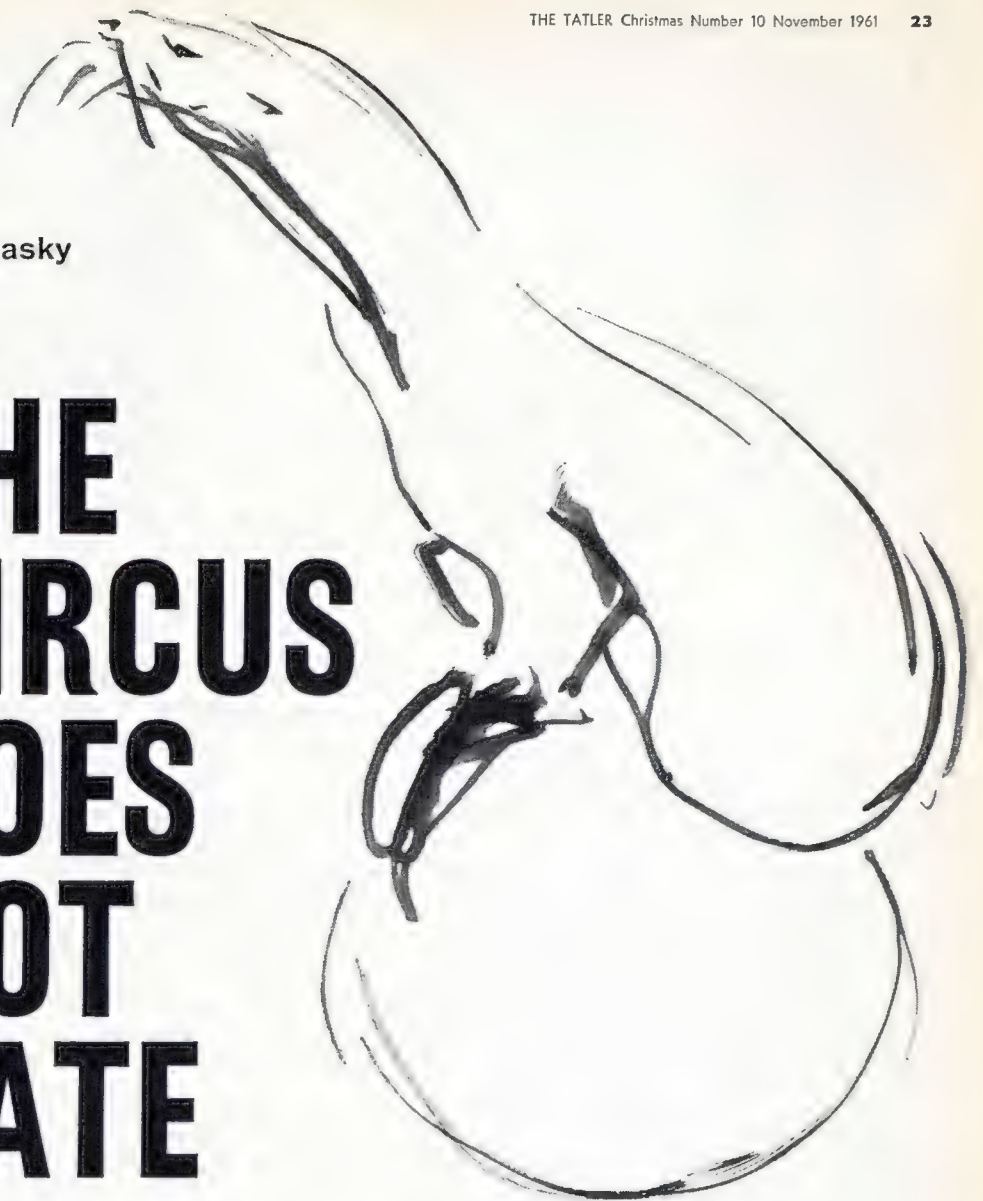
Clowns are the oldest circus act. In India and China they date back nearly 4,000 years. The jesters and tricksters of the Middle Ages were cultivated in high places, both clerical and secular, as powerful media for release from the strains and stresses of too strict a God-fearing life. At certain festivals they were almost given powers to assume authority.

The most famous English clown, Joe Grimaldi, whose antics made a deaf and dumb sailor laugh so much that he regained hearing and speech, was actually a pantomime artist, yet all circus clowns are called Joey after him to this day. Nowadays, alas, there is too much slapstick in circus clowning, and, for sophisticated minds, the magic has faded a little.

The English contribution to the history of the circus is comparatively recent, but it is an essential one. Trickriding started in the middle of the 18th century in Lambeth and in Islington

Spa, when Islington and the Belvedere Teagardens of Pentonville were pleasure grounds. The story of Astley, who started the first circus in the ring, linked with that of the rise of the great "equestriennes" to fabulous fame, is a tale by itself. Philip Astley, an ex-sergeant-major, who became a bareback rider, first came to utilize the centrifugal and centripetal forces of fast cantering horses in a ring of specific dimensions in his Voltige act in 1768. This method became popular at once all over the Continent. Even aerial acts profit from being related to the circle on the ground which is, visually, so much more concentrated than the square or the straight line. The tension it contains is reinforced by the funnel-shaped arrangement of seats for the audience. This is essential for the circus we know.

From it sprang, in 1880 (till 1933) in Paris, the greatest-ever amateur circus, that of Ernest Molier, which performed once a year to an invited audience, and in which everyone, down to the stable boys, had to belong to the French aristocracy. A trained stag and haute école camels were some of its rarer exhibits. The legendary elegance and beauty of the Schumann's Liberty horses and haute école display, to be seen every Christmas at Bertram Mills, keeps this glamorous tradition alive. Albert Schumann rehearsing 16 volatile, highly-





strung Arab stallions in the ring, measuring 42 feet in diameter, in a fast Liberty act, has to be seen to be believed. Unhampered by as much as a single silken thread, they wheel about in precise formations, ever changing, ever breaking up in new formations which he improvises as he goes along. Another—English—amateur circus was run, till his death in 1947, by the Rev. Brother Gardner, Headmaster of the Thomas Moore School at Frensham, where boys were taught riding, gymnastics, zoology, carpentry, electricity and accountancy, team spirit, self-possession, and kindness to animals.

In England and Scotland there are today 29 circuses and Ireland has four. The biggest in Great Britain is Billy Smart's, with a travelling tenting show of 6,000 seats, and magnificent winter quarters in Berkshire, where a menagerie and training ring shows the year round at weekends. Yet Billy Smart, former fairground owner, started only 14 years ago. Today his truly international and highly successful circus comes second only to Krone in Munich, which, in turn, is the biggest in Western Europe. The

Schumann Circus in Copenhagen is sold out throughout every season. Bertram Mills became a public company 12 years ago and Clem Butson, for Tom Arnold, brings the Moscow State Circus to Wembley arena every summer, a costly and difficult enterprise.

The only part of the circus which is disputed nowadays, on grounds of cruelty, are its animal acts. No unbiased observer who has seen the chimpanzees' boisterous, zestful performance, their delight in applause, can be persuaded that cruelty in training could achieve such results. Scared animals are dull, they are no good to a circus. What of the famous Captain Schneider, whose teeth were studded with diamonds and who could not see farther than a foot without his spectacles, wading bare-handed into his cage where 100 lions were milling around, lively enough to jump 9 feet high when he threw them lumps of meat? By what miracle of personality he kept order remains a secret. It is said to have broken his heart when, after a law suit in Italy to do with filming, he went bankrupt, couldn't afford to feed his animals and

had to sell them. A most depressing story. Like several other modern animal psychologists, Dr. Hediger of Zürich takes an increasingly respectful interest in the behaviour of circus trainers and their charges. He has made extensive studies of the subject, particularly of predatory animals. He contrasts animal behaviour under laboratory conditions—still never quite divorced from human interference, though this is minimized—with behaviour in the circus where the human-animal relationship is at its most intense. According to him the trainer becomes the head animal in a highly complex society, where social status is of the utmost importance, jealously guarded and fought over unto death just as in the wilds. The trainer's whip and stick are his extended arms and are often attacked and bitten into by the other animals who aspire to become head animal. That this does not hurt the trainer is accepted by them as his human superiority. These attacks, often seen in the ring, are therefore not punished because they help the trainer to show his might. Altogether, punishment or



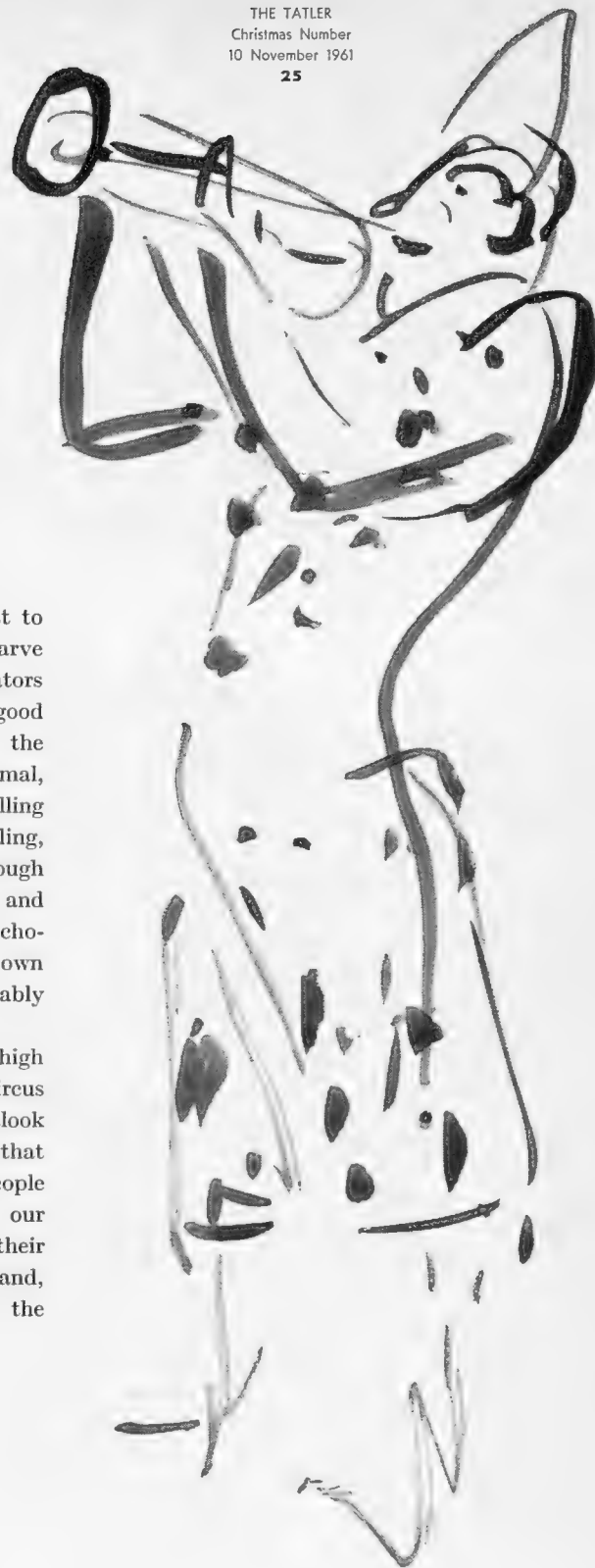
cruelty do not make much sense with enormously strong and swift creatures who are armed with deadly claws and teeth and protected by a thick fur and with whom a human does not stand the slightest chance in combat. Confidence and affection are the prime emotions on which to build an act. Alex Kerr, trainer at Bertram Mills, wrote "When I am with tigers, I *AM* a tiger." Instinctive understanding and superior intelligence allow a trainer to keep order among a number of them and to prevent the stronger ones from attacking and killing the weaker ones. Only in the circus can the defence distance (causing retreat) and its opposite, reaction distance (causing attack), described by Professor Lorenz of Vienna, be diminished to almost nil, for instance when a trainer puts his head into the mouth of a lion or lets a tiger take a piece of meat from his own mouth. This defence distance can vary with each individual animal and, at each individual moment, is often known to the trainer to the inch. When a big cat, for instance, plans an attack, possibly for many weeks or even months ahead, this might not manifest itself at all by overt aggression such as snarling or hitting with the paws but by the unobtrusive, unasked-for whittling down of the established defence distance inch by inch, day by day, perhaps on the way back from a "trick" to its own pedestal.

As the question of territory is of vital importance to social status, as in the wilds, the trainer stands in the cage *before* the animals come in. It is thus established as *his* territory. The animal's own territories are in this order: 1. Its own cage. 2. Its place, the "sling," by the side of the ring where it rests when not asked to move about. 3. Its place in the pyramid which it forms with others and where it is asked to reduce its defence distance. Dr. Hediger rates the acuteness of their observation higher than that of humans and indeed toothache or other slight indisposition, or even inattention, has cost many a trainer dearly. This social rank business begins only after sexual maturity. At the age of first training, usually when the animals are about two years old, all they want to do is to play together. The older the animal becomes the more it needs to be head-animal, as in the wilds, not to be ousted by the growing generation; and the more dangerous can it therefore become to its most important "rival" the trainer. It needs to be said here that the big cats are capable of extraordinary affection towards human friends, to the point where even breeding becomes of secondary importance to them.

Bears are different, considered much less reliable and knowable, and much more dangerous. Also they are shortsighted, unlike the cats, and it is therefore much more difficult to know what they have "taken in" and what will suddenly come into their field of vision and therefore become an object of attack. The more aged and intractable performers usually receive their old age pension in zoos and menageries where veterinary science helps all

it can towards a peaceful end—in contrast to the wilds, where old beasts of prey either starve to death or are demolished by other predators once they get past their prime. All good animal acts are based on developing the inherent abilities of each individual animal, carefully observed, and selected for its willing co-operation. This method, called gentling, was made famous from around 1850 through Hagenbeck's zoo and circus at Hamburg, and so interesting are the results to animal psychologists that a few zoos have built their own training ring for observation purposes, notably the St. Louis Zoo in Missouri, U.S.A.

There is much to be said about the high morale, the courage and discipline of circus performers, their liberal, international outlook and the incredibly hard work and patience that go into any presentable circus act. Such people stand out as individualists, particularly in our age, where men and women are dwarfed in their own eyes by abstract concepts on the one hand, and lamed by mechanical contrivances on the other.



CAROL

for young voices

"I hope the people saw I was crippled, because it might remind them on Christmas Day——"

For the sixth time Robin was stuck, and now he was more than stuck, he was mutinous. His lips trembled, and he glared huge-eyed at his sister.

She was patient, wonderfully patient. "... who made the blind——"

"... who made the blind beggar to walk and the lame to see."

There were limits to one's patience. "Oh, you silly little boy. You aren't even trying. When I think of all the others who'd give their eyes to be in the school play——"

"Well, I don't want to be in it. I hate plays. I'm going to tell Mother she can find somebody else."

"Then you'd be wicked as well as stupid. You know she'd be terribly upset. You're going to do it, and you're going to do it properly, and you'll stop here till you do."

Robin burst into howls of rage.

He must be muzzled. "Shut up, you're yelling on purpose, you want to get me into a row." Too late, the drawing-room door was opening; and it was not her mother, it was her father, whose opinion mattered more than all the world beside. The Headmaster's measured tread advanced upon their imperfect concealment in the window-seat.

"Robin, be quiet. Lucy, what's all this?"

Robin choked into silence. He never, to do him justice, told actual tales. But the fact remained, he *had* betrayed her. "Nothing, Daddy, honestly. I don't know why he was crying. It's because he's still a cry-baby. I was only helping him learn his part in the play."

"Very well—Robin, go and wash your face. Now look here, Lucy, we can't have you bullying a child six years younger. It's not the first time, is it, or the second?"

She had not meant to bully, but how explain that without weeping herself? She muttered: "I only wanted to help."

"And do you seriously believe you have?" Silence. "Your mother is producing this play, isn't she? Why not leave the coaching of Robin to her?"

"But Daddy, it's only a week off, and she's such a lot on her mind, and Robin's so silly, he doesn't begin to know his part."

"That is her responsibility, not yours."

"He'll ruin everything. She ought never to have had him in. It's only because he looks pretty, and she wanted a little one for Tiny Tim. And when he's down at rehearsal, they all make a pet of him and he gets sillier than ever. I could have told her it would be no use."

"It almost sounds to me as though you were jealous."

"Oh no, Daddy, how could I be? I love him. I want him to do well. It's only because I get frightened that he'll disgrace us——"

She's a case, my poor Lucy, the Headmaster thought. Same old

story, we who handle other people's children never can manage our own. "All right, old lady, I know you meant well. But you're going to promise me there'll be no more scenes like this."

"Oh yes, I do, I do."

"I think we'll find Robin learns his part in his own good time. And if he doesn't, the skies won't fall. Now I hear your mother coming. This shall be a secret between us, we won't say anything to her." Rays of comfort shot through Lucy. Others might pet Robin and turn his head, but with her father, she came first. "Hello, darling. Our tongues are hanging out for tea."

"Sorry, but I got waylaid by Woodwork, they wanted to show me the grandfather clock they're making for Marley's Ghost." Mrs. Crawford looked harassed, as she was apt to do at the end of a day's teaching, even when there was no play-acting to follow it. "And a very creditable effort, too, but they'll have to provide better ventilation and a little seat, otherwise we'll have Marley fainting before he makes his entrance. Hello, where's Robin?"

"I sent him to wash."

"I can believe he needed it. Lucy, go and tell Mrs. Elder there'll be two more for tea—I've asked John Bates and Miss Godwin, as they're stopping on for the rehearsal. Oh, there you are, Robin pet. Dear me, don't you look clean!"

The Grammar School after hours was an eerie place. Not for it the modish gleam of glass and concrete which rendered the Secondary Modern, on the other side of the town, scarcely distinguishable from the postwar extensions to the hosiery factories. The Grammar School was old—well, anyway, early-Victorian; it had atmosphere and character, precious formative influences, the Headmaster's wife maintained. When the children had left, it smelled of ink and slaked dust, with overtones of sawdust from Woodwork and acrid chemicals from Mr. Bates's lab. The caretaker's cat went mousing through the long corridors and across the lobby under the sightless white gaze of Julius Caesar, and Lucy, terrified of mice, fairly skated the corridors and hurled herself into the haven of light and bustle that was Assembly Hall on a rehearsal night.

The cast itself formed a sizeable audience for Scrooge, his nephew, and Bob Cratchit, on-stage, for it was Mrs. Crawford's policy to give as many children as possible walking-on parts. No Fezziwigs doubled for Cratchits, and the choir to sing the carol accompaniments further swelled the mob. Robin was embedded in Cratchits, giggling and feeding him sweets. The Headmaster's small son was a favourite everywhere; not so the Headmaster's older girl. No contemporary signalled her with a friendly wave, and she on her side preferred the company of Miss

by Elizabeth Coxhead: drawings by Leonard



Godwin, music, Mr. Bates, effects and lighting, and the head girl, Muriel Goadby, the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come.

"If I could work my will," thundered Scrooge (Illingworth, the head-boy, a dry stick with a part to suit him at last), "every idiot who goes about with *Merry Christmas* on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!"

"Hear, hear," muttered Mr. Bates, and those within earshot sniggered. Of course he was trying to impress Miss Godwin, anyone could see he was sweet on her, but it wouldn't do, Lucy could tell him that. He went on to sneer at the Nephew's homily. "Gosh, I'd forgotten what sanctimonious nonsense Dickens wrote." "Don't be naughty, John," Miss Godwin whispered back, "and for goodness' sake show a little period sense. After all, we're supposed to be in 1843."

"Take that again more slowly, Nephew," Mrs. Crawford called. "I want you to get real feeling into it—remember, this is the message of the play. And watch those vowels—'good', not 'gewde'." The School Play was her preferred method of teaching accent, manner, poise, the polish these children needed to lift them from the rut of a small Midland hosiery town and fit them for the wider world. And this time Mr. Bates kept silence, but his sardonic look was just as eloquent. Born and bred in the town, he had retained its accent and manners; no amount of Mrs. Crawford's speech-training had enabled his ear to detect the difference between vowels. And maybe it didn't matter for a scientist, but imagine Miss Godwin tying herself for life to somebody who habitually said Ta, and Bye-bye, and I don't mind if I do!

We had now arrived at Marley's Ghost, and it was Mr. Bates's turn to show what he could do in the way of a spine-chilling effect. "The grandfather clock must strike and grow luminous, John, and then the ghost's face looks out of it, and the door opens slowly, and he comes out clanking his fetters—can you manage?"

"Yeh, I think so, but we can't really tell till it's wired."

"What about the fetters?"

"Well, I haven't got much of a chain-reaction yet. Keys and padlocks are oke, but the directions go on to chat about ledgers and purses and deeds. It'll sound more like a vacuum cleaner if you ask me."

"Oh, cut those out, and fill up with any old bit of iron, it's only the noise that matters, the stage will be dark. Now then, Ghost—I wear the chains I forged in life. . ."

I don't believe the Ghost will frighten anybody, thought Lucy, desolate. If Mother isn't worrying, then she ought to be, that's all I can say. The Ghost of Christmas Past, a smug thirteen-year-old looking if possible even less spectral than Marley, transported us back to Scrooge-as-a-boy; and Lucy essayed a nervous smile at Muriel Goadby, who, next after Miss Godwin, was the object of her admiration. The head girl, remote and beautiful, was being groomed for entry into

Oxford, a feat considered beyond the capacity of any small provincial grammar school, but the Crawfords were determined to prove it otherwise. Her part in the play was a silent one, and so would not interfere with the intense concentration required by her studies. And doubtless the greater part of her fine mind was on them now; her return of Lucy's smile came from far away.

"Pretty dreadful, isn't it?"

"Oh well, rehearsals always do seem lousy."

"I like this scene. It was being a deprived kid that made Scrooge a miser, don't you agree?" One might be only twelve, but one could hold one's own in conversation with the brilliant Muriel Goadby, any day of the week. "How's work going?"

"All right, thanks."

"I take a great interest, you know, because I mean to get to Oxford myself. And I have a sort of feeling that you're blazing my trail."

"I wouldn't count on that," Muriel said. "It's something you'll have to do under your own steam." Well, of course; but need she be so disagreeable? Lucy retreated into her shell. If I do get to Oxford, she vowed, I'll be nice to anyone else trying, I won't go all snooty like that.

The Ghost of Christmas Present—large jolly Marvin, captain of soccer—took command, and half the audience shuffled up on to the stage, where Mrs. Crawford began the struggle to infuse sprightliness into the Fezziwigs' ball. Dum-di-dum-di-diddly—was there ever so leaden a Sir Roger before?

Cratchits replaced Fezziwigs, Miss Godwin and Mr. Bates resumed their seats, and there began the revelation of Robin's inadequacy and his sister's shame. For Woodwork had produced Tiny Tim's crutch, and this new toy put every word of his part out of his head. And still nobody scolded him, they all seemed to find it a huge joke. "Poor kid, having to spout that nauseous exhibitionist stuff, I don't wonder he jibs," Mr. Bates observed. Woodwork had further contrived a lath and canvas goose, painted on one side, and the eldest Cratchit carried it in with the wrong side showing. Better give up, have no play at all, than bring such ridicule on the school.

Lucy could stand it no longer and fled. To hear Robin muffle the closing lines of the play would be the last straw. The School House was dark and desolate, except for the light in her father's study. The study was sacred—he worked so hard, and to all hours—but she tapped on the door. "May I bring my homework and do it with you? I promise not to make a sound."

He looked up wearily, but as always, he understood. "All right, old lady, you can clear a space."

And presently she made herself useful, when a quavering "Herald Angels" was heard without. "Cut along and tell them the usual," he



said, not looking round. Two urchins had got through a perfunctory verse and were reaching for the bell. "Go away," she told them. "We only give to carol singers in the week before Christmas. You can come back then." They slunk abashed into the night.

Her self-importance was quite restored. "It's just a way of begging, isn't it? They don't even try to sing properly. Tell you what, Daddy, there are moments when one has a lot of sympathy with Scrooge."

Grace Godwin picked her way down the High Street at six o'clock of a murky, unseasonable Saturday afternoon. She was going to tea with the parents of John Bates, and she no longer made the mistake of arriving for these functions at four; she knew now that they were the town's equivalent of supper, with potted meat and fruit salad, very sweet sherry, and often no tea at all. She was going unwillingly, because she had not known how to get out of it. The fault was hers, she had been silly and thoughtless, and now she must retreat without hurting anyone's feelings. It was going to be hard.

The town was out shopping, and young voices greeted her all the way down the street. And certainly Christmas had put a garish tinsel and plastic veneer over the multiple shops, while here and there a factory had emphasized its plebeian lines with fairy lights. She was a Londoner, and caught herself longing for a glimpse of Regent Street—gondolas this year, wasn't it, or palanquins? There was nothing whatever to be bought in the town's shops; "No demand" was the invariable reply to every request; one had to go to Birmingham for the simplest purchase. "Hello, Miss Godwin, merry Christmas!" What a shame to sneer, when it was such a warm-hearted little place, she wouldn't have missed the experience for the world. . . .

The market-place held its usual Saturday collection of stalls, cheap china, squashy fruit and throw-outs from the hosiery factories; but they took the mind back to days when the town might have had elements of the picturesque. Hounds, she had been told, used once to meet there, it would be full of red coats and waving tails, like a Christmas card. Tightly twined lovers wandered among the stalls, and suddenly a girl's face was familiar. What was the intellectual Muriel Goadby doing on a Saturday night, drifting around in the clutches of what looked like a garage hand? Obscurely disquieted, Grace hurried on, hoping she had not been recognized.

The lower part of the town was streets of semi-detached Victorian brick, only preferable to the bungalows with which it polluted its outskirts. But there was nothing vulgar about the Bates's interior, nor about the elderly couple who made her shyly welcome. "Well, so you've found your way into the slums," said John at his most aggressive. Of course he was dreadfully unhappy, and she knew very well why.

His parents covered up for him, did their best to put her at her ease. How did she like the town? Very much, she assured them, anxiously smiling. It was such a real place, wasn't it. "England in miniature, as John says. That's a grand experience for a suburban Southerner like me."

"An experience—yes, that's all," said John contemptuously. "And when you've got all you can from it, I suppose you progress to higher spheres, like Wimbledon or Worthing."

"Heaven forbid!"

"All right then, Chipping Campden and Clovelly and the cathedral close, that's what England means to you. We and towns like us are what really keeps this country going, but the fact hasn't impinged on you."

This was her opening. To take it firmly, even a trifle brutally, would be kindest in the end. "But John, this is my first job. It would be silly to stop here always, you must see. Come to that, you oughtn't to stop here always yourself. You got a much better degree than mine, and they're clamouring for scientists—surely you aren't going to spend your life as junior master in a small grammar school? Don't you agree, Mrs. Bates? You must be ambitious for him, I'm sure?"

It wasn't quite what she had meant to say, but it was said. "Of course we wouldn't stand in Johnny's way," Mrs. Bates replied, "though we'd miss him badly if he left us."

John banged down his tankard. "You needn't worry, Mum. I've heard this sort of talk before. It's just the way the Crawfords carry on."

"And haven't they been good friends to both of us?" Grace with some indignation demanded.

"Oh, the Head's all right, and Mrs. C's a good sort of woman in her way, but what does it boil down to?—self-seeking and snobbery and watch-those-vowels. Keep on the right side of the factory owners, and hand them the product their offices need—little ladies and gentlemen in pink plastic. And if one of them is a bit bright—an Illingworth or a Muriel Goadby—then it's groomed to leave the town, and who's the gainer by that?"

"I'm not so sure that Muriel——" Grace began, and thought, no, why should I tell tales?

"As I see it, if your heart's really in teaching you've got to go where you're needed most. And I reckon I'm needed most by the kids who *are* me twenty years ago, the kids in this place where I was born."

"But Miss Godwin wasn't born here, lad," said his father. "You can't lay down the law for everyone."

"Maybe not, but she knows perfectly well she's even more needed than I am. She's been over the factories, she's seen for herself what a soul-destroying life it is. There's so little our kids have to look forward to,



unless people like herself with all the cultural advantages will stop and share them."

"I'm sure Miss Godwin will do good work wherever her career may take her," said Mrs. Bates with gentle dignity, and led Grace on to talk of her family, her plans for a winter-sports holiday after Christmas, everything that could emphasize the gulf. Of course they can't want it, any more than I do, Grace thought; they'd much rather he chose a local girl; what a relief. As soon as she decently could, she got up to go. No need, she said, for John to see her home.

He paid no attention, but stalked beside her through the now silent streets, the embodiment of angry ungraciousness. They could not part on that note. On the doorstep of her lodgings she tried to thank him, to tell him how charming his parents were.

"Only of course not your kind."

"I'm sure they'd be very much my kind, if only——"

"Never mind. Goodnight."

His stony look as he turned away was more than she could bear. "John!"

"Oh no, my dear, really. You've made a fool of me once, isn't that enough?"

"How can you be so wickedly unfair?"

"Well, if you insist." He came back and took her in his arms, and through all his bitterness and hers, she still acknowledged that his kisses were the most exquisite pleasure she had ever known.

On the morning of the dress rehearsal, Muriel Goadby informed the Headmaster and his wife that she would not after all be sitting for Oxford. She was engaged to Lance Payne, son of the garage, and intended to marry him as soon as possible after her eighteenth birthday. She had her parents' consent.

She met reproach and argument with a well-mannered, impregnable regret. "Yes, I know. Yes, I'm very sorry, after all the trouble you've taken with me. No, I shan't change my mind."

"Of course we want you to marry, Muriel," Mrs. Crawford protested, "only get your qualification first. Don't throw your chances away so young. Marry and raise a family, but have a career to go back to when they're off your hands."

"My Lance wouldn't want me to do that." It might have been her grandmother talking. Was it for chits like this that the feminist battles had been so hardly fought, so dearly won?

"But he must know you're an exceptional person. Dr. Crawford and I met as students, and we waited three years. If your Lance really values you, won't he do as much for you?"

"He does value me," said Muriel steadily, "but things are different now. Nobody waits three years."

The news was all over school by teatime, arousing general indignation, and in Lucy an almost hysterical rage. This she vented on the first comer, who inevitably was Robin. Accordingly she was sent to bed, and the dress rehearsal proceeded without her assistance. This was not a lucky Christmas for the Crawford family, nor for the school.

I'll stay away from the play too, Lucy decided in her shame and gloom. Mother will be sorry then. But she had haunted the green-room for the last six school plays, and the familiar excitement was too strong. And once again the miracle of transformation was in progress; wigs, paint and the labours of the town's mothers were casting over its children a delicious spell. No costumes were ever hired for a school play.

It was to run three nights, and a cast that size ensured packed audiences of parents. Lucy joined her father at the back of the hall, playing host to a dozen of them at once; but beset as he was, he found time to squeeze her hand. There, at any rate, she could count on forgiveness.

The curtain rose. Was it Scrooge & Marley's office in 1843, or was it just pretence? For an agonizing moment the illusion flickered, then it gripped. One might almost be going to enjoy it, after all. . . .

The light dimmed; Scrooge alone. Through the grandfather clock glowed livid green the ghastly face of Marley's Ghost, and a child in the audience gasped. The door opened slowly, the fettered Ghost emerged, and the child screamed—positively, someone had screamed at a school play! And it *was* frightening, it was terrifying. *I wear the chains I forged in life.* Another link for every time I've been horrid to Robin? No, don't be silly, that's just superstition. The curtain fell to clapping, but Lucy's wrists felt strangely heavy as she tried to join in.

How tender and gentle that Young Scrooge scene was; how truly merry the Fezziwigs; now it was the Cratchits' party, and in came, not Robin, but Tiny Tim in person, word-perfect, crippled, delicate, soon to die. How could we bear it, how make up to him for all he suffers? Absurd to be seen crying at a school play—but Lucy's were by no means the only damp eyes.

The awful grave-scene; Muriel Goadby the very incarnation of doom in her white draperies, and looking ten feet high. And then Scrooge's rebirth into love and generosity; but was one ever quite pardoned, did repentance really work? Tim was lifted on to his father's shoulder, waved his crutch, pronounced in his high clear voice the final benediction: *God bless us every one!* This was it; hold on to this moment; remember him always like this, unspeakably precious, a transfigured Christ-child, and never, never be cruel to him again. . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

People going away to stay with friends for Christmas for the first time may well wonder what they are in for—Traditional or Modern? Here are some of the questions we'd like to ask, but don't have the nerve to... answered in three different ways

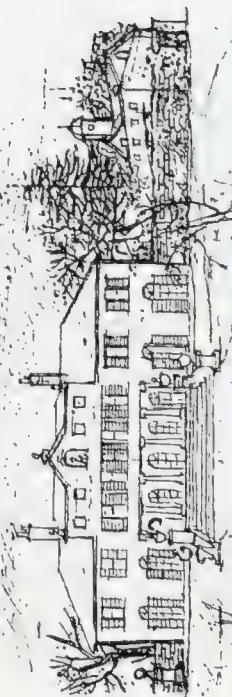
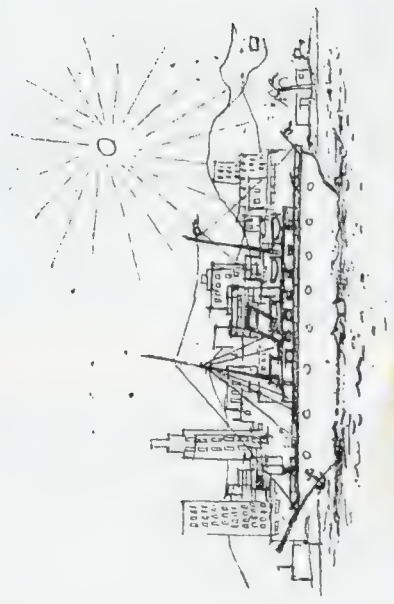
BY MARY MACPHERSON : DRAWINGS BY SUSAN EINZIG

CHRISTMAS QUESTIONNAIRE

State type of household: (capital letters, please)	COUNTRY HOUSE
State number of other guests:	Just the family
What sort of presents do you expect?:	Well, some new bay nets would be lovely
What sort of presents will I get?:	A silk scarf, some lavender water, 2 dozen fresh eggs to take home
What sort of presents will the children get?:	A pony! a hamster / a guinea pig / a dormouse
Do you have Christmas lunch / Christmas dinner / both?:	
What will we do after lunch?:	We thought you might like to look at the pigs
What time do you expect me to get up?:	It's up to you but breakfast at 9.15. I'll be in the only two bedrooms
When will we open our presents?:	At breakfast, of course
Will I be expected to play games; if so, which?:	YES — the children rather like rubbies
Will there be a Christmas tree, and if so, what kind?:	YES — a fifteen footer from the Estate
What will we do on Boxing Day?:	We will go to the Boxing Day Meet & our guests will go with us
Topics to talk about:	Foot & Mouth, Hard Pad, Foul pest, the new N.F.H.

State type of household: (capital letters, please)	INTERNATIONAL SET
State number of other guests:	about 40 (not counting personal detectives)
What sort of presents do you expect?:	Well, if you happen to be going past Sotheby's
What sort of presents will I get?:	a Fabergé fountain in your cracker
What sort of presents will the children get?:	a baby bodysuit that actually works a dear little lion cub
Do you have Christmas lunch / Christmas dinner / both?:	
What will we do after lunch?:	Maria's promised to give us a show
What time do you expect me to get up?:	Lunch is at 2, and there are 40 Bathrooms
When will we open our presents?:	We don't give the kind of presents you have to open.
Will I be expected to play games; if so, which?:	YES — the children rather like MURDERS
Will there be a Christmas tree, and if so, what kind?:	YES. Oliver's conjured up this brilliant little tree...
What will we do on Boxing Day?:	Well, we thought of going simply getting in the plane
Topics to talk about:	The new Monet in the Museum

State type of household: (capital letters, please)	BOHEMIAN
State number of other guests:	We never count heads
What sort of presents do you expect?:	Well, there is that eight- record set of Gregorian Chants
What sort of presents will I get?:	A pair of woolen pants & stockings
What sort of presents will the children get?:	A pollock Theater — a dear little maquette
Do you have Christmas lunch / Christmas dinner / both?:	(delete where applicable)
What will we do after lunch?:	listen to that eight- record set of Gregorian Chants
What time do you expect me to get up?:	It's up to you
When will we open our presents?:	At breakfast, of course
Will I be expected to play games; if so, which?:	YES — the children rather like MURDERS
Will there be a Christmas tree, and if so, what kind?:	Roddy's conjured up this brilliant little mobile
What will we do on Boxing Day?:	Some very talented friends of ours are giving a globe-party
Topics to talk about:	That eight-record set of Gregorian Chants





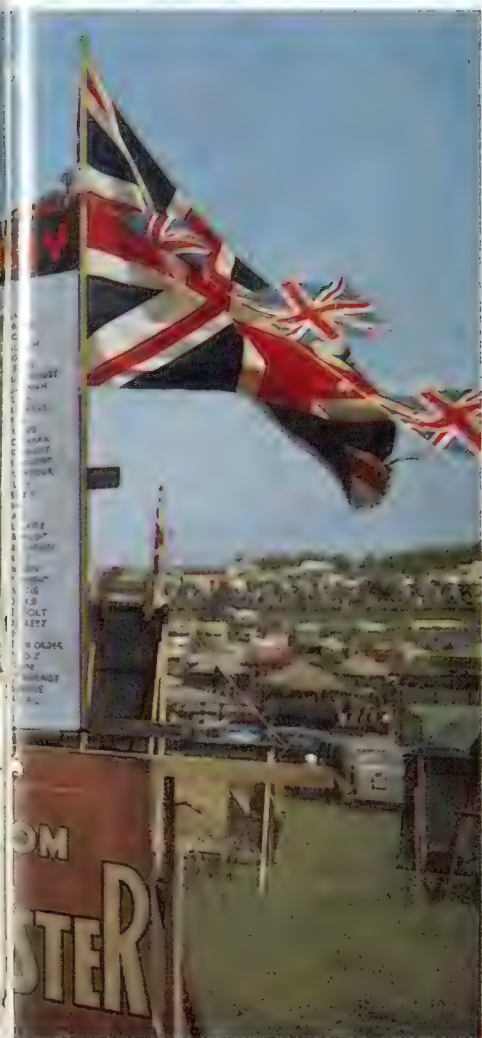
DERBY DAY

Derby Day hits London like a festive hurricane. Since 1782 crowds have streamed out of the city and fled towards Epsom on a day early in summer. The mass exodus utilizes almost any form of transport—motorcoaches, stage coaches, Rolls-Royces and trains all storm towards the Downs. When they get there, Londoners settle down to a crowded day of exuberant enjoyment. The Derby itself, which has been run 182 times (10 at Newmarket, during the two wars), plays a comparatively small part in the day's enjoyment. The English, not content with producing the greatest flat race in the world, casually surround it with the noisiest day out they can think of. Derby Day means 'Will an English horse beat off the French threat?', but it also means jellied eels, fairs, Pearly Kings and Queens, listening to Prince Monolulu, and giving the children a day on the Downs





MIRRORPIC



CHRIS WAYNE





Painted by F. SARGENT



JUBILEE GARDI

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 E. Hermon Hodge, M.P. | 23 Her Majesty the Queen |
| 2 Mrs. Hermon Hodge | 24 H.R.H. The Princess Victoria of Wales |
| 3 The Marchioness of Granby | 25 Lady presented |
| 4 Earl Lytton (His Excell.), G.C.B. | 26 Lady presented |
| 5 Monsignor Ruffo Scilla | 27 H.I.H. The Crown Princess of Germany |
| 6 Hon. Mrs. W. Farquhar | 28 Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lathom |
| 7 His Excellency Rustom Pasha | 29 The Duke of Cleveland |
| 8 The Duchess of Leinster | 30 The Duke of Portland |
| 9 His Excellency Count Hatzfeldt | 31 Countess of Airlie |
| 10 Mrs. Owen Williams | 32 Rt. Hon. The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe |
| 11 The Most Hon. Marquess of Lothian, K.T., P.C. | 33 Sir Lepel N. Griffin, K.C.S.I. |
| 12 His Excellency Mons. Waddington | 34 Rt. Hon. The Earl of Airlie |
| 13 His Excellency Count Karolye | 35 The Countess Grosvenor |
| 14 Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. | 36 Lady Egerton of Tatton |
| 15 Rt. Hon. Viscount Lewisham, M.P. | 37 Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P. |
| 16 Rt. Hon. Viscount Bridport | 38 Rt. Hon. Lord Radnor |
| 17 Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh | 39 Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. |
| 18 The Duchess of Buccleuch | 40 Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, Bart., M.P. |
| 19 H.R.H. The Prince of Wales | 41 Lady Cunliffe Brooks |
| 20 H.R.H. The Princess Maude of Wales | 42 Rt. Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P. |
| 21 H.R.H. The Princess Louise of Wales | 43 Rt. Hon. The Earl of Clanwilliam |
| 22 H.R.H. The Princess of Wales | |

Nearly 400 names were listed in the original key to Sargent's painting.



By courtesy of M. BERNARD

GARDEN PARTY 1887

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 Rt. Hon. R. Chamberlain, M.P. | 66 The Marquess of Abergavenny, K.G. |
| 5 The Duchess of Westminster | 67 The Marquess of Bute, K.T. |
| 6 Rt. Hon. Lord Brooke | 68 The Marchioness of Bute |
| 7 Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough | 69 Rt. Hon. The Marquess of Hartington, M.P. P.C. |
| 8 Lady Brooke | 70 Lady Randolph Churchill |
| 9 The Countess of Clanwilliam | 71 Rt. Hon. Lord Randolph Churchill |
| 10 Mrs. Jacoby | 72 Henry Irving, Esq. |
| 11 The Countess Cadogan | 73 R. G. Webster, Esq. M.P. |
| 12 Rt. Hon. Earl Cadogan, P.C. | 74 Mrs. Webster |
| 13 The Marchioness of Tweeddale | 75 H. Excel. Don Crisanto Medina |
| 14 The Marquess of Tweeddale | 76 Mdle. Medina |
| 15 Mrs. Brookfield | 77 Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, Bart |
| 16 G. N. Pryor, Esq. | 78 Lady Meysey-Thompson |
| 17 Isabella, Countess of Wilton | 79 Lady West-Ridgeway |
| 18 Rt. Hon. The Earl of Aylesford | 80 The Duchess of Montrose |
| 19 The Countess of Aylesford | 81 Rt. Hon. The Earl De Grey |
| 20 Mrs. Kendal | 82 Henniker Heaton, Esq. M.P. |
| 21 W. Granston Kendal, Esq. | 83 Mrs. Henniker Heaton |
| 22 Cyril Flower, Esq., M.P. | 84 Countess of Zetland |
| 23 Rt. Hon. Lord Camoys | 85 J. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P. |
| 24 The Marchioness of Londonderry | 86 Countess De Grey |
| 25 The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., P.C. | |

painting but only the nearer personalities are named above





JUBILEE

GARDEN PARTY 1887

by Hector Bolitho

EARLY IN 1887, LETSIE, CHIEF OF THE BASUTOS, SENT HIS CONGRATULATIONS TO QUEEN Victoria on her Golden Jubilee, writing: "For us, it is a curious thing that a woman should be a Queen." The Hindus in Delhi had anticipated the anniversary as early as February: Lord Dufferin wrote of the "fireworks, far superior to any they had ever seen"; adding "the principal feature was the outline of Your Majesty's head, traced in lines of fire, which unexpectedly burst on the vision of the astonished crowd . . . the likeness was admirable." In Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, loyalists were polishing their buttons to come "Home" for the great parades. In India, the ruling princes, with their ringing names—the Holkar of Indore and the Maharao of Cutch, the Thakur Sahib of Morvi and the Maharaja of Cutch Behar—were already packing their diamonds and their rubies, and assembling their mute servants, to come to England for the dazzling occasion. The Thakur Sahib of Morvi outdid them all in gallantry: bringing his young horse, glorious with gold and tassels, and an amulet on one leg. He rode up the hill at Windsor, leapt off, bowed before the Queen, and begged her to accept the noble beast as a present.

This was not all: three Kings and 30 princes from the courts of Europe; the Queen of Hawaii, and princes from Siam and Japan—all came to kiss her hand. She was already becoming a legend. A little boy standing in Hyde Park saw an immense balloon ascending—with the name *Victoria* painted on it. He said to his mother, "That is the Queen, going up to Heaven." Queen Victoria's own response to the Jubilee was more simple. After going down to Frogmore, so that she could eat breakfast within sight of her husband's mausoleum, she travelled to London. She wrote later, "The day has come, and I am alone. . . . I am writing . . . in the garden at Buckingham Palace; here I used to sit so often in former happy days. Fifty years ago since I came to the throne."

There were many days of celebration, throughout the vast, safe Empire, and all over Britain. They seem now to belong to the graceful debris of the past. But one of the days came suddenly alive for me, in London, this autumn. I was walking down St. James's Street after lunch, and then into Ryder Street, looking idly into the shops. I walked into the Bernard Gallery and was astonished: before me was an oil painting that almost filled

the wall. It was about seven feet high and eleven feet wide. The subject was the Jubilee Garden Party of June 1887, and the artist was Frederick Sargent—a period piece; an historical and social document of lively importance. I drew up a chair, sat down for half an hour, and allowed that summer day of June 29, 1887, to come to life.

The Queen had travelled from Windsor by train; then a drive through Kensington, so that she could stop by “the old Palace gate” out of which she had driven on the day of her accession. She noted all the floral arches, and accepted a bouquet from the great-granddaughter of old Doctor Merryman, who used to attend her when she was a child. She thanked the Vicar, “I am most grateful for this kind reception in my dear native town”; and then she drove on to the party at Buckingham Palace. She wrote afterwards: “People were spread all over the garden and there were a number of tents, and a large one for me, in front of which were placed the Indian escort. I walked right round the lawn in front of



MIRRORPIC

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY 1961—the Queen moves among her guests, many of them from the Commonwealth, at one of this summer's parties in the Palace grounds

the Palace with Bertie, and I bowed right and left, talking to as many as I could, but I was dreadfully done up by it and could not speak to or see all those I wished.” The Queen drank tea in her tent and then “walked round once more, very tired.”

When we peer into the painting, with the help of the key, we play a nice game of identification that reveals not only the breadth of the Queen's world but also of her interests, in music and the theatre. In the centre, a little to the left, stands the Queen, with two unidentified ladies being presented. To her left in the picture is the Prince of Wales, looking rather stiff and bored, and, between them, the Princess of Wales, enchanting in a light blue dress. We move our eye from the royal group and are immediately disturbed—behind the Prince is his friend Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Gordon-Cumming, in his bearskin. Four years later this unhappy man was to be the victim in the Tranby Croft gambling scandal, when he was accused of cheating at cards, while playing with the Prince. He was ostracized for ever.

We look to the front of the picture, at the unnamed lady with a parasol and her back turned, and there, just above the parasol, is Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., born over his father's newspaper agency in the Strand, in June 1825, and now, in 1887, become First Lord of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59



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